

Photography Class by voguethranduil

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Summary:

Turns out, Jonathan Byers isn't what everyone else makes him out to be.

Photography Class

Author's Note:

first time writing jonathan, so be kind! feedback appreciated! <3

You're not a big fan of photography class to begin with, but when Mr. Johnson announces that the next assignment is *still life*, you don't stop the groan that pushes past your lips. And the fact that you have *no* friends in that class and the Johnson decides to assign partners, you're pretty much asking any higher power to let the world swallow you whole.

You're pretty sure that Johnson can sense your absolute *excitement*, because he scoffs when he sees your facial expression at his words.

"C'mon, (y/l/n), still life is *fun*," He exclaims, clutching his clipboard to his chest. "and you're going to be partnered with Jonathan, who's a pro at that!"

You look over your shoulder to peek over at Jonathan, who's already looking at you; but when you make eye contact, he gives you an awkward smile and slinks back into his chair a little bit. (You're not sure if it's out of humbleness or embarrassment, but either way, it's kinda cute.)

By the time Mr. Johnson assigns everyone to their partner, class ends. As you're slinging your bag over your shoulder, you look back over your shoulder once more to see Jonathan gathering up his things, brushing his hair out of his bangs.

You're not popular yourself, but you've heard from a multitude of people that Jonathan Byers is a *freak* and should be avoided at all costs. But from what you've noticed in class, is the complete opposite. Yeah, he's quiet and shy and doesn't have any friends, but in a way; you see him in yourself. Stuck in the middle of high school, just trying to make it as smoothly as possible.

So you forget what the others have said and approach him with your

books to your chest, and an inviting smile on your face.

“Hey, we’ve never really met before,” you start out, making your presence known. He looks down at you with slightly pink cheeks, tightening his grip on the strap to his camera; as if he’s not really sure *why* you’re bothering to talk to him. “I’m (y/n).”

“I’m Jonathan.” He responds, his voice quiet.

“Y’know, I’m not really into this whole ‘photography’ thing,” you begin to tell him, using air quotes to lighten the mood. “but I’m actually really excited to be your partner! I’ve seen some of your pictures in the darkroom, and you’re talented!”

And for the first time, you actually see Jonathan *smile* — or at least do something that’s akin to that, because his lips curl upwards and he shrugs a little bit, tilting his head.

“I-It’s mostly the camera,” he shrugs, looking down at his feet. “but thanks.”

“No problem! I was thinking, would you want to maybe grab a bite to eat and start shooting?” You ask. You can’t help but to notice that Jonathan tenses up slightly, biting his lower lip as if he really didn’t know what to do. “Only if you’re not busy, of course.” You quickly add, wondering if you jumped the gun a little early.

“No, no, I’m not busy,” Jonathan starts, as the two of you make your way into the hallway. “I just... I just have to get home after school, to take my little brother to his friends house. Stupid, I know, but my mom works night shift at the hospital.” He explains, as you walk out to the parking lot.

“That’s not stupid,” you assure him, tightening your jacket around you. “I know how it is, I have a little sister. Would you want to maybe meet up later? At Benny’s?”

“If you’re not busy,” Jonathan says, more as a open ended question; rather than statement.

“Sounds like a plan!” You affirm, digging through your bag for a piece of paper and pen. You quickly tear out a sheet of notebook

paper, and write down your phone number, handing it to Jonathan; who looked down at the paper with a small smile. "I'll see you later, okay?"

For the first time in a long time, Jonathan feels his heart flutter as he watches you get in your car. He watches as you flip the mirror down to run your fingers through your hair, and he doesn't even stop himself when he picks up his camera to snap a picture. It's a natural instinct for Jonathan, to photograph something he finds beautiful. And you're beautiful. To him, you're beautiful.

Jonathan doesn't even *notice* that his cheeks are still tinged pink, until Will points it out whilst they're driving to Mike's house. Jonathan just shrugs; a small, uncontrollable smile tugging at the corners of his lips, moving one hand to turn up the radio.

"No, no!" Will objects with a grin, smacking his hand away from the volume button. "Is it because of a girl?!" His voice is laced with excitement, as he shifts eagerly in the passenger seat.

"Sorta," Jonathan replies, as Will laughs with excitement. "but it's nothing to get too excited over, it's just for a project."

"Yeah, right!" Will scoffs playfully, rolling down his window, sticking his head out. "JONATHAN HAS A GIRLFRIEND, JONATHAN HAS A GIRLFRIEND!" He chants, causing Jonathan to roll his eyes.

"*Alright*, alright!" Jonathan interjects, leaning over slightly to tug Will back into his seat. Will just laughs heartily as Jonathan returns both hands to the wheel, pulling up to Mike's house. "Get out of my car, squirt. I'll be back to pick you up in a couple of hours!"

Will unbuckles and exits the car, closing it behind him. But before he leaves, he leans in with a smirk.

"Have fun with your *girlfriend*!"

The drive to Benny's from the Wheeler's house is a little nerve wracking for Jonathan; due to the fact that he's never really hung out

with anyone before, let alone a *beautiful* girl as yourself. Jonathan was in half the right mind to decline your request; because the *one* time a girl ever asked him out, it ended up being a joke, which made him hole himself up in his room out of embarrassment for *two* days. (Joyce wanted to call the girl's parents, but Jonathan convinced her not to.)

But Jonathan could tell that there's something different and genuine about you, when you had asked. He knew that you weren't very popular yourself, and that you mostly kept to yourself, much like him. So needless to say, Jonathan getting out of his comfort zone like this, is a pretty huge deal for him.

When he pulls into the parking lot he already sees your car, and parks next to yours. He puts his camera around his neck and slings his bag over his shoulder, slamming the car door shut. Jonathan already can feel the nervousness prick at him, as he starts his way towards the small diner.

Don't be a coward, Jonathan tells himself, attempting a somewhat motivational talk. *Just be **normal**. You got it. You can do this.*

He takes one final huff as he walks into the diner, the sound of a bell jingling. The diner isn't that busy, a few usuals scattered about. Jonathan's eyes immediately bounce to the back of your head, and he smiles to himself; walking over to the small booth you're sat at. There's already a few of your things on the table, including a side of fries and two milkshakes.

"Uh, hi!" He greets, voice a little smaller than he meant. "Sorry if I'm a little late, I had to wait around for my brother to get home from school," Jonathan explains, sitting across from you.

"No need to apologize," you smile, waving a hand. "I got a head start studying for my chemistry quiz. Hope you don't mind, but I ordered some fries and milkshakes for us!"

Jonathan tries to fight back the smile that tugs at his lips, as you push the basket of fries towards him, along with his milkshake.

"Thanks," he smiles, taking a long sip of the milkshake. "you didn't

have to buy it, y'know. I have cash!" He adds, as you laugh softly.

"Consider it my treat. I hate this class, and you're pretty much a professional. If I was you, I'd hate to be my partner." You joke, as Jonathan just shakes his head.

"I'm far from a professional," he says, once more doubting his own talents. "and you're not too bad. I mean, I already got some food out of it." He teases.

You blush slightly, surprised that Jonathan has a secret humorous side to him. You'd be lying, if you said you didn't want to see more of it.

The two of you sit at Benny's and chat idly, just getting to know each other. He finds out that you love Bowie and The Clash just as much as he does, which makes him smile wide. (and *god* he's so cute when he smiles; you've never seen him really smile at school before, and this is like a whole new Jonathan!) You find out that Jonathan is also a secret Dungeons & Dragon's fan — in which he tries to play it off, saying that he only plays it for his brother; but once you tell him you play it with your dad, he feels a little less like a nerd.

The longer you chat with Jonathan, the more you feel like you've been longtime friends; he seemed so bashful — which he still is — but the more you talk, the more he opens himself up; like a flower, blooming in the Spring. It makes you want to fight everyone at school, who spread awful things about Jonathan and his family.

It's about an hour before you realize that it's nearing sunset, in which you wave a hand over to Benny for the check.

"We should probably start shooting some pictures before it get's dark!" You suggest, as you hand Benny some cash. Standing up, Jonathan slings his bag over his shoulder once more, you doing the same.

"Did you have anything in particular you wanted to shoot?" He questions as the two of you exit the diner, and into the parking lot.

"Pfft, I was planning on following you," you tease, causing him to

shake his head in amusement. “after all, you are the one that knows what you’re doing!”

“There’s this little clearing through those woods,” Jonathan replies, pointing to the woods across from the diner. “we could go there and take some pictures of the fields?”

“Lead the way, Byers!” You exclaim, following close behind Jonathan.

The walk isn’t very far as expected, and the clearing that he takes you too is simply *breath taking*.

The orange and yellow glow from the sunset makes the forest line glow, and makes the little gossamer-like wisps in the air seem like fairy dust. There are a couple patches of pink colored flowers, which is *rare* for a place like Hawkins; that’s usually just filled with dead grass and dandelions. You walk ahead of Jonathan to take in your surroundings completely; in awe, that a place like *this* exists in a place like Hawkins.

“How did you *find* this place?!” You inquire, spinning around in the grass, moving your fingers to graze over the taller pieces of grass. “It’s incredible!”

And as Jonathan watches you twirl around and smile at the world around you, he can’t help but to pick up his camera to snap a picture of you. You barely even notice, as you continue to gush about the beauty and aesthetic of the clearing.

The next hour and half is a blur, as you photograph things with Jonathan.

It’s an effort for Jonathan to get you to be serious, as he tries to teach you how to not be afraid of taking risks to get the picture; in which he made you get close to a deer, that happened to be grazing!

(Jonathan Byers, if that deer attacks me, I’ll kill you myself!)

(Just hurry and take the picture!)

After that, Jonathan decides to let you take over the camera for a

while, seeing that his little lesson *did* in fact make you more confident in taking photos! He watches you with fondness as you wander about, taking pictures of leaves and flowers; making silly little comments to him, about how you're going to be the next Annie Leibovitz.

When you turn your attention to *him* to be a model, Jonathan objects profusely; until you hit him with the puppy dog eyes — which results in him lying in a patch of grass; eyes closed as he smells a flower.

“Alright, c'mon,” Jonathan laughs, as he stands up. “I think we got plenty of pictures!”

“Wait!” You object, dodging out of his grab for his camera, holding it to your chest. “We need one more.”

“One more of what?” He asks, with a raised brow.

“Of us!”

You're quicker than Jonathan is, because in an instant, you're running up behind him to jump on to his back; nearly sending him toppling forward, as you stretch your arm in front of his face, snapping the picture.

You hop off of his back with a proud smile, as you plop his camera in his hand.

“*There*,” you tell him, beginning your way back to Benny's. “now we're done!”

And in that moment, Jonathan realizes that his feelings towards you are more than of friendship — he wants to be able to hug you and kiss you. He wants to make sure that you're always this happy. It feels crazy, because he's only known you like this for a couple hours; but when Jonathan sets his heart on something, something that makes him writhe in happiness — he can't just let it go. He's got to have it. He's *got* to have you.

When you arrive in the parking lot, it's empty and the moon is shining bright. You lean up against your car, feeling a faint hint of sadness in you. You're not quite sure why, because you'll see

Jonathan for the rest of the semester. But that doesn't stop you from vocalizing your feelings.

"I had a really great time tonight, Jonathan." You tell him, wrapping your arms around your chest. "And I'm not just saying that. You're a really great guy."

"I did too," Jonathan replies, feeling his cheeks heat up once more, shuffling his feet. "and you're... you're...." *Beautiful. Funny. Genuine.* But he can't seem to find the right words, causing you to tilt your head in slight confusion.

"I'm what?" You ask curiously, causing Jonathan to laugh quietly.

"You're just... you're just...." He starts, clearing his throat. "you treat me different. You don't treat me like a freak, I guess. And I really, *really* appreciate that."

You look up at him and he's just staring right back down at you with eyes that are filled with kindness and genuine *happiness* that it makes you want to tear up — because *nobody*, especially as kind as Jonathan, deserves to feel that way. You want him to feel wanted, you want him to feel friendship... you want him to feel like he *has* someone — someone who can love as much as he does, and someone who wears their heart on their sleeve like he does.

So you don't really stop yourself, when you stand on your tippy toes to become face level with him, sliding your hands softly up his t-shirt. Jonathan tenses slightly as you lean in forward, breath hitching as you look into his eyes

"Jonathan Byers," you whisper, lips ghosting against his. "you're far more appreciated than you'll ever know."

And he's about to ask what you mean, but he *can't* — because you're kissing him. You're kissing him with all the softness in the world, and Jonathan dimly realizes that he should *probably* kiss you back when your fingers caress his cheeks.

So he does. He kisses you back. And yeah, it's a bit tentative and messy but it seems to fit in with Jonathan's personality. Soft, unsure,

loving.

When you pull back, you step back from him, once more leaning against your car; but this time, you're lacing your fingers with his, pulling him slowly back to you.

"I... um," He stutters out with a laugh, trying to form a coherent sentence. "didn't expect that."

"Expect that a lot more," you laugh lightly, pulling him down once more; wrapping your arms around his neck. "because you're going to be stuck with me for a while."

Your lips are on his once more as his hands find your hips, and your heart skips a beat when he pulls back; looking at you with a fond expression.

"I could get used to this." He says, with a small smile.

"Good, because I could too."